

Not Good
Not Here

December Special Saving Sale

Not Good
Not Here

"Like Putting Money in a Bank."

IS THE PURCHASE OF YOUR GROCERIES DURING THIS MONTH. AH, THERE, 1935! TOO BAD TO END A GOOD YEAR LIKE 1934 WITH A FEW WEEKS OF JUST SO BUSINESS. WHAT DO WE PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT? JUST THIS. WE ARE GOING TO QUOTE YOU PRICES THAT WILL JUST DOUBLE OUR VOLUME OF BUSINESS FOR DECEMBER. IT'S THE TURN-OVER OF GOODS THAT COUNTS, NOT THE BIG PROFITS.

20 Cases Catsup Snider's and Blue Label brands; regular price 35c per bottle. Special price 25c. Per Bottle	10 Cases Postum Cereal Regular price 25c per package. Special price 20c. Per Package	<h2>Give us a Trial</h2>		10 Cases Olive Oil CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S. Special price— Pints 45c Quarts 80c	12 Cases Bottled Olives DIAMOND W BRAND. Special price— Regular 11.25 size \$1.00 Regular 75c size 50c Regular 40c size 25c
10 Cases Malta Vita Regular price 15c per package; special price 12 1-2c. Per Package	10 Cases Force Regular price 15c per package. Special price 12 1-2c. Per Package			Beans White or Pink. 5c PER POUND.	Rice, No. 1 Japan Regular price 10c per pound. 5c. Per Pound
250 Cases Corn Regular price 12 1-2c per can. Special price: 1 can corn 10c 11 cans corn \$1.00 1 case corn \$2.15	150 Cases Tomatoes Regular price 12 1-2c per can. Special price: 1 can tomatoes 10c 11 cans tomatoes \$1.00 1 case tomatoes \$2.15			300 Boxes Laundry Soap Golden Star, Diamond C or Silks brands, special price 7 bars for 25c 20 bar box for 70c	10 Cases Fels Naptha Soap Regular price 8 1-2c per bar. Special price— 4 bars for 25c 1 carton, 10 bars 60c

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE BARGAINS WE HAVE FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER. IF YOU WILL CALL AND LOOK THROUGH OUR LARGE STOCK, YOU WILL FIND THAT YOU CAN SAVE MONEY ON EVERY ARTICLE IN THE GROCERY LINE. INCREASE YOUR BANK ACCOUNT BY BUYING YOUR GROCERIES OF US NOW.

Not Good
Not Here

F. S. Younger & Son

823 MAIN STREET.

PHONE MAIN 281.

Not Good
Not Here

Educational Methods in Darkest China

Education in China is far different from the intellectual process which is associated with the term in America, for in all but exceptional cases the Chinese student aims only to enjoy the honors and emoluments of officialdom; knowledge for itself has no value. Every three years 10,000 or more students assemble in Kiunchow for the official examinations. These consist in large part of mere jugglery to memory and have little relation to memory and have little relation to what we call knowledge. One of the Chinese teachers told a representative of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions that of the 10,000 who take the examinations triennially, not more than one-third can read unfamiliar matter and not more than one-fifth can understand what they read.

When the examinations are in progress the town becomes a veritable fair ground. The 10,000 students are accompanied by 50,000 friends, merchants, etc., and the place is a human beehive, with a hundred people in every space which in America would be deemed crowded with 10. The men returning from the ordeal of the examination are languid and slow as they pass through the streets laden with their waste-paper baskets, manuscript bags, lamps, fans, umbrellas and other impedimenta, and the newcomers hustle about to find lodgings and get ready for their turns before the examiners. Book stores from Canton, and blue-curtained gambling houses from everywhere occupy every available spot.

This gathering of the "educated" affords an opportunity for the American missionary to work with the class, and the work takes, naturally, a much different form from that followed in other Chinese fields. Meetings held, as described by a Presbyterian missionary, resemble a debating society. The room in which they are held is too small for the purpose, and hopes are entertained that larger and more suitable quarters may soon be obtained. One hundred or more men crowd in and the street outside is filled with hundreds of others unable to find entrance except to take the places of those who leave.

The walls of the room are hung with placards bearing passages from the Bible and extracts from the teachings of Confucius. The most of the men are anxious to argue with the missionary, and he does not tell them that the Confucian system is wrong, but rather that although they profess it they do not follow it. He shows that the Chinese students sacrifice everything to material gain. They do not observe the teaching of Confucius to "Be earnest and truthful. Overflow in love to all. Make friends of good." Arguing with them on this ground it is not difficult to confuse them and the good feeling of the audience is apparent by their

readiness to join in the laugh on those who are worsted.

There is more tolerance of western ideas than was formerly the case, because some branches of western learning are now included in the examinations. But the ethics of those taking the examinations are shown by the fact that the required essays on these western subjects are in most cases furnished to the students by well-informed men from Canton who either go in person to the examination halls in the places of accredited students, or surreptitiously pass into the halls essays which the students copy as their own. At one time an observer saw some six or seven men on the roofs of the halls engaged in this business, notwithstanding that it is a capital crime.

The Mause's Breath.

The old fable of the siren has its duplicate in one of the most deadly of modern weapons. The whistle of a bullet ought to be a deadly sound; it is surprising to be told that it is a beautiful one. Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby says in his South African notes called "In the Web of a War."

The Mause's most melodious period is from 800 to 18,000 yards. Over that distance its note is the most exquisitely lovely of single sounds. "The silky breath of the Mause" is a phrase that adequately describes it.

But there is something more about it than its beauty, something strange and beautiful. It goes by like the singing of a wandering soul that can find rest only by bringing death to another. It is a sighing so indescribably tender and sad and sweet that every sound of human lips seems without charm beside it.

After lying for a time under that silky breath, one has even to resist a desire to lift his head and take the next puff of it in his face.

Jokai's Joke.

At a banquet held in his honor in the town of Torda, Mause Jokai, the Hungarian writer, was called upon to propose the toast of "The Ladies." He made an excellent speech, during which he continually toyed with the brown curls upon his forehead. Finally he said: "I raise my glass in honor of the gracious ladies of Torda. May they all live until my hair grows gray." His audience drank to the toast, but it was easy to see by the faces of the ladies present that they did not think much of the compliment. Jokai rose again from his seat and took from his head a magnificent brown wig, showing an entirely bald head beneath it. "My hair," he added, "will never grow gray." And the ladies, who had not known of his baldness, were more than pacified.

Two Headed Symbols.

Both Russia and Germany display two headed eagles on their standards. Yet this symbol is considered by some heralds to be merely the result of the heraldic practice of "dimidiation." This

was simply a child's way of impaling two coats of arms on the same shield by the primitive method of cutting each in half and taking the dexter half of one and the sinister half of the other and placing them back to back, as it were. Strange two headed beasts naturally resulted, as, for instance, when a lion and an eagle were halved and joined together. The griffin is supposed to have been evolved from two lions rampant by dimidiation. It robs the two headed eagle of half its terrors to know that it owes its origin to this sort of child's play.

Childish Curiosity.

Little Florence, aged 12, had been spending the afternoon with a neighbor who had just lost a near relative, and who was working very hard to get some mourning gowns made. Florence had been very good and asked no questions, but when she returned home her inquisitiveness asserted itself. Her mother explained as clearly as she could, and for a few moments Florence sat in deep silence. Then:

"Are all her gowns going to be black, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"And is she going to wear black nightgowns?"

"No, dear."

"Well, doesn't she feel just as bad in the night as she does in the day?"

—Brooklyn Life.

"Sacred Ladybirds."

Among the insects that can be claimed as friends of the market grower probably none are more useful than the ladybirds. It is said that in mediaeval times this insect was sacred to the virgin, hence its popular name. "Although in these prosaic times we may," says the Fruitgrower, "have got over the superstition regarding the insect's sacredness so far as the virgin is concerned, for the good they do they should be sacred to every market grower. Perhaps the most beautiful of all the family is the eighteen spotted ladybird that Linnaeus named *Coccinella octodecimpunctata*.

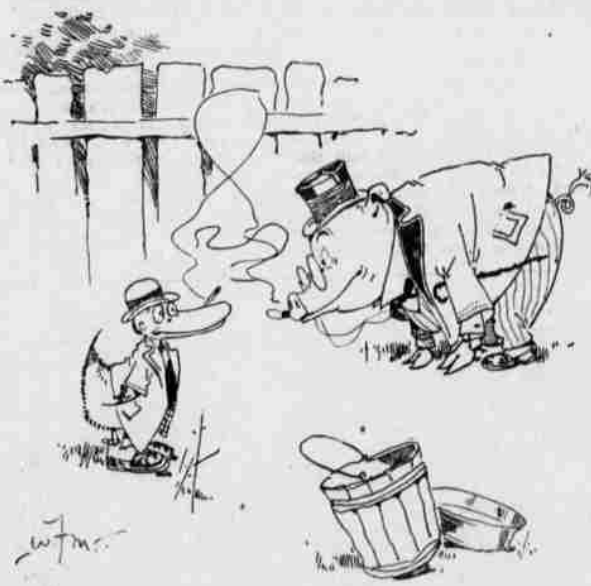
Ivy Poisoning.

Country Life says that all the drugs in the world will not prevent a bad case of poisoning from poison ivy or sumac unless one does something as soon as the telltale itching begins. When the pustules break open, there is nothing to do but "grin and bear it." The remedy advised is extract of grindella, which should be always kept in the house. Rub on the affected parts every five minutes till the trouble is averted.

Her Girlhood Ways.

"You must not expect me to give up my girlhood's ways all at once," said the happy bride.

"Oh, I won't," he replied. "I hope you'll keep right on taking an allowance from your father just as if nothing had happened."—Superior (Wis.) Telegram.



How It Happened.

The Pig—My cousin, Porker, always wished to be cremated after death and he was!
The Duck—How was that?
The Pig—Why, the cook let him burn to a crisp.

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE

PARK AND WASHINGTON STREETS,
—PORTLAND, OREGON—

Established in 1866. Open all the year. Private or class instruction. Thousands of graduates in positions; opportunities constantly occurring. It pays to attend our school. Catalogue, specimens, etc., free.

A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL.B., PRINCIPAL.

For Christmas, Give Him

—A BOX OF—



Christmas Activity

GREAT ACTIVITY AT THE PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS.

The near approach of Christmas is evident if one will but go up to the Woollen Mills. There everything is bustle and activity. Every machine in the mill is being worked to its full capacity to fill the rush orders that have come in.

On one order alone from a firm in Gallup, New Mexico, it will require 1200 robes.

The money spent in advertising the past few years is just beginning to show returns and the Christmas trade for this year will be the largest in the history of the institution.

The requests for catalogues and information regarding these famous goods come from all over the world, and it is a common occurrence to have to call an express wagon to take the day's mail to the postoffice.

The number of these robes being forwarded on individual orders alone is sufficient to prove that these goods are more popular than ever for Christmas. These orders come from points where the goods cannot be found in the local stores, and when these are added to the large numbers being distributed over the counters of the various stores throughout the country, Pendleton people can see what an interest has been created in the products of the local mills.

The garments have not been shown to the trade at large, yet the demand for this new line has far exceeded the capacity of the machines now installed.

At the present time more orders for these garments are on file than can possibly be turned out before Christmas.

Mr. Phillips, treasurer of the Root Newspaper Association, publishers of The Dry Goods Economist, The Dry Goods Reporter and The Pacific Merchant, called at the mills one day this week and upon seeing the Bath Robes, Lounging Robes, Smoking Jackets and Toboggan Coats now being manufactured, predicted a greater success for these garments than even the Indian Robes had been, and said if they were placed before the merchants next year he did not think the present mill would be able to turn out even cloth enough for the garments alone.

In making up Christmas lists Pendleton people should include something from our home town and thus help in a way to advertise not only the local institution, but the city of Pendleton as well.

Milwaukee has her beer; Grand Rapids her furniture, and Pendleton her Indian Robes and Blankets.

The East Oregonian is Eastern Oregon's representative paper. It leads and the people appreciate it and show it by their liberal patronage. It is the advertising medium of this section.